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THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

Now I saw in my dream, that just as they had ended this talk they drew nigh to a very miry slough that was in the midst of the plain, and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond. Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with the dirt: and Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire.

Then said Pliable, Ah! neighbor Christian, where are you now?

Truly, said Christian, I do not know.

At that Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect betwixt this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me. And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the slough which was next to his own house. So away he went, and Christian saw him no more.

Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the slough of Despond alone; but still he endeavored to struggle to that side of the slough that was still further from his own house, and next to the Wicket gate; the which he did, but could not get out, because of the burden that was upon his back. But I beheld in my dream that a man came to him whose name was Help, and asked him what he did there?

Sir, said Christian, I was bid go this way by a man called Evangelist, who directed me also to yonder gate, that I might escape the wrath to come; and as I was going thither I fell in here.

Help. But why did you not look for the steps!

Chr. Fear followed me so hard that I fled the next way, and fell in.

Then said he, Give me thy hand. So he gave him his hand, and drew him out, and set him on sound ground, and let him go on his way. Then I stepped to him that plucked him out, and said, Sir, wherefore, since over this place is the way from the city of Destruction to yonder gate, is it, that this plat is not mended, that poor travellers might go thither with more security? And he said to me, This miry slough is such a place as cannot be mended. It is the descent whither the scum and filth that attend conviction of sin do continually run, and therefore it is called the slough of Despond: for still, as the sinner is awakened about his lost condition, there arise in his soul many fears and doubts, and discouraging apprehensions, which all of them get together, and settle in this place; and this is the reason of the badness of this ground. It is not the pleasure of the King that this place should remain so bad. His laborers also have, by the directions of his Majesty's surveyors, been for above these sixteen hundred years employed about this patch of ground, if perhaps it might be mended; yea, and to my knowledge, said he, here have been swallowed up at least twenty thousand cartloads, yea, millions of wholesome instructions, that have at all seasons been brought from all places of the King's dominions (and they that can tell, say, that they are the best materials to make good ground of the place, if so be it might be mended); but it is the slough of Despond still, and so will be when they have done what they can. True, there are, by the direction of the Lawgiver, certain good and substantial steps placed even through the very midst of this slough: but, at such time as this place doth much spew out its filth, as it doth against change of weather, these steps are hardly seen; or if they be, men, through the dizziness of their heads, step beside, and then they are bemired to purpose, notwithstanding the steps be there; but the ground is good when they are once got in at the Gate.—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

THE *Canadian Baptist* makes mention of a blacksmith who rose during a recent revival service and said, "I have heard a good many tell, during these services, about the prayers of their mothers being answered; but no one has said anything about praying fathers. It is a good thing that there has been so many praying mothers, but I am determined, by the help of God, to live so that my boys shall say they had a praying father." May the Lord raise up many such fathers.

RECEIVE CHRIST with all your heart. As there is nothing in Christ that may be refused, so there is nothing in you from which he must be excluded.

A FEARFUL DRUG.

A writer in *Harper's Bazaar* says the physical effects of eating or of smoking opium, after a short time, are so fearful that no one who is acquainted with them, or who realizes them, would ever willingly become their victim. Never to be able to digest anything, to endure constant nausea, to have heavy pains, distress, and a perpetual burning sensation in the stomach, to flutter and tremble and faint, to feel as if you were a bubble rising in the air, to suffer all kinds of terrifying hallucinations, to lose much control of the limbs, to laugh and cry at wrong times like a simpleton, and never to be sure how much you have made a fool of yourself, to have blur and blazing before the eyes, blinding headaches together with torturing pains in the bones, to have neuralgia so acutely that the sensation of touching a bare nerve in a tooth is constant, to find yourself in a condition generally resembling delirium tremens—all that is bad enough. But to know also that it destroys the moral life in even greater measure, so that women of pride and wealth, and hitherto of virtue, will practise every meanness, craft, and deception, commit theft, forfeit modesty, all under its influences, and pause at no crime in order to obtain possession of the drug, if they cannot get it otherwise—to know all that, and yet to touch it, except by prescription, would seem to be impossible. In short, there is no question that opium debauches the whole moral nature, ruins the physical and destroys the nervous system, and is the worst enemy that man has ever encountered; for alcohol has its intermissions, however brief, but opium never ceases for one moment in its tyranny and cruelty. How terrible it is even the Emperor of China declared when, it being within his option to seize a large number of chests of opium belonging to the British, and worth many million dollars, turning the price all into his own purse, he, with a sublimity of action unequalled in any other historical action that we know, ordered it to be utterly destroyed rather than sell it to his people and enrich himself by cursing them.

That this generation drinks less intoxicating liquor proportionately than those that have gone before is possibly true, but that in one form or another it uses vastly more opium is equally true. Not merely the *fine lady is its slave*, but the operative also. If the innumerable number of chemists' shops does not in itself tell the story, it is said that one would soon discover it in taking up a position in their neighborhood on any Saturday night, when the customers can be seen coming in for their little vials of the poison in whatever form they use it. The *sight might* make one tremble for the generations to come, if it were not that after a mother and daughter addicted to the cruel habit, or a father and son, there will be no generation to come in that family.

WHAT WAS WELCOME.

It is said that on one occasion Cogia Effendi, the Persian sage, dressed as a beggar, and entered a house where a gay feast was being held. He was pushed hither and thither, hustled by one and another and noticed kindly by no one. So Cogia withdrew, and repaired to his home. He then arrayed himself in his most splendid style with jewelled shoes on his feet, a robe of cloth of gold on his back, and a turban glittering with a diamond aigrette on his head. Then hanging at his side his sabre, in the hilt of which flashed some valuable jewels, he made for the feast. His entrance was the signal for attention on all sides. The guests, who before had rudely pushed him aside, now made way for him passing to and fro. The host came hastily towards him, with the words, "Welcome, my Lord Effendi, thrice welcome; what will your lordship please to take?" In reply, Cogia quaintly but expressively, stretched out his foot, so that the jewel on his shoe sparkled, and then, taking his golden robe in one hand and holding it away from him said, with bitter irony, "Welcome, my lord coat, welcome most excellent robe; what will your lordship please to take?—For," said he, turning to his perplexed host, "I ought to ask my coat what it will take, seeing that my welcome was due solely to it." Have we not known, in these days similar homage paid to dress? Are not devout men, wise men, influential men, God-honored men, sometimes thrust aside for one whose millinery and jewellery are more costly?—*The Quiver.*

THE CONVERSION OF AN INFIDEL LEADER.

Mr. Hammond, the esteemed evangelist, recently related the story of the conversion of Mr. P. C. Cheeks, Secretary of the Washington Philosophical Club. The conversion of Mr. Cheeks was mentioned briefly by Mr. Hammond in Winnipeg last year. A lady, in order to satisfy herself of the truth of the story, wrote to Mr. Cheeks, asking him for a statement of the case. In reply, she received a letter from him, giving the story as related by Mr. Hammond, and which is as follows:

I was an infidel. I belonged to a philosophical club in the city of Washington, D.C., and was secretary of that organization. I am happy to say that upon my conversion the above-mentioned organization was broken up, and the late infidel president is now preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Mr. Hammond had been laboring here with marked success, and we were discussing "true revivals" in our club meetings. I became interested in the meetings. I was anxious to discover the motive which influenced refined and cultivated ladies to labor so anxiously with men whose lives had been those of shame and degradation. I saw that when the change was effected in the career of a man, it was a change so striking and so real that it resulted in a complete revolution in his character and person.

My infidel friends said to me that this change was simply the result of mind-force, or animal magnetism. When the infidel offers such an objection, he unconsciously admits—first, that the Christian is mentally the superior of the infidel; and, second, that he is physically his superior.

Mr. Cheeks continues: I was standing in the rear part of Dr. Sunderland's church, talking with a gentleman on the subject of religion, when we were approached by his daughter, who said to me: "Pardon me for intruding upon your conversation, but if you are not too much engaged I would like to have you talk to that gentleman standing over there," indicating with her hand a young man standing and resting his hands on the back of one of the pews in the rear of the church. I said to her that I would rather not talk with him, for if he was interested on the subject of religion, I might lead him over into heterodoxy, and I did not care to assume that risk. "Oh, no," she replied, "he thinks as you do. But I would like to know whether your philosophy will do him any good." "Very well, then," I answered, "I will talk with him." I passed over and invited him to a seat. I found that he agreed with me on the subject of the probable cause of the conversions, and began to wonder why the young lady desired me to talk with him. While leaning towards him I discovered that he had been drinking, and then remembered to have seen him coming out of a liquor-saloon that very morning. I saw at once his difficulty, and recognized mine. What could my philosophy do for him? Surely he knew enough of physiology and anatomy to know what would be the effect of strong drink habitually indulged in upon the human system. But what good did his knowledge of these sciences do him? So I asked myself, what good can my philosophy do him, since my appeals to his head cannot reach his heart?

If anything could do this young man any good, then, it was not infidelity, or any other scheme of man's devising. I saw this, I say, and getting up to go out of the church, I encountered my lady friend, and said to her, "My philosophy can do him no good." She replied, "That was just what I prayed for." As quick as a flash the truth entered my mind. If my philosophy can do him no good under the circumstances, what good can it do me? If the Christian scheme alone can benefit him, is it not grander and nobler than all others, and may it not also help me? I hurried out of the church, greatly troubled in my mind—when something seemed to say to me, "You came near making a fool of yourself," and I inwardly resolved never to go near the church again.

I afterwards learned that this young lady repaired to her home, sought her sister, and together went to their room to pray for my conversion. The youngest said she believed I would be converted on the morrow. That prayer of faith saved my sick soul, and I was indeed converted on the morrow.

Notwithstanding I said I would not go near the church again, I was the first at the church the next morning. I took a seat somewhat back, and, with my whole soul trembling, resolved to find peace if I could that very day. Just as this resolve was made, Dr. Sunderland asked for prayers for a young man in whom he was deeply interested, and then poured forth a prayer full of power and pathos. I tried to control myself, but the more I tried, the stronger this convulsion held me. It seemed as though two forces were contending within me for mastery and neither would yield to the other. I thought of God and of Jesus. Involuntarily I repeated *this* passage of Scripture, but I repeated it as a drowning man catches at a straw, "I believe 'that Thou art, and that Thou art the Rewarder of all them that diligently seek Thee'; and now I come to Thee, since Thou hast promised that him that cometh to Thee Thou wilt in no wise cast out. Save, Lord, or I perish!" Then all my burden *dropped off*, and the *light* of truth and God swept over my soul, until I could have shouted, Glory to God! for every joy. At this moment I felt a kindly hand laid upon my shoulder, and a voice in my ear asking, "How is it now, brother?" It was the voice of Dr. Rankin. I replied, "It is all right now!" And it has been all right from that *moment* up to the present hour.—*Herald of Mercy.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON V.—OCTOBER 31.

JESUS RISEN.—John 20: 1-18

COMMIT VERSES 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon.—John 24: 34.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The risen Saviour is our resurrection and life.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 20: 1-18.
T. Matt. 28: 1-15.
W. Mark 16: 1-11.
Th. Luke 24: 1-12.
F. 1 Cor. 15: 11-28.
Sa. 1 Cor. 15: 34-58.
Su. 1 Thess. 4: 13-18.

TIME.—Sunday, April 9, A.D. 30, early dawn.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in the vicinity of Calvary.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—John 19: 31-42; Matt. 27: 57-66; Mark 15: 42-47; Luke 23: 50-56

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Matt. 28: 1-15; Mark 16: 1-11; Luke 24: 1-12.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

(1) THE BURIAL. Friday afternoon between 4 and 6 o'clock, in a new sepulchre near Calvary, aided by Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. (2) PRECAUTIONS. The Sabbath (Matt. 27: 62-66). In order to prove the resurrection, the death must be proved beyond doubt. In the providence of God, the centurion testified to the death of Jesus; the soldiers pierced His heart; the tomb was new, and at the request of the chief priests, the tomb was sealed and guarded. (3) THE RESURRECTION. Very early Sunday morning (Matt. 28: 2-4), accompanied by an earthquake and by a shining angel. (4) THE WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE. Early Sunday morning (vs. 1, 2). 1. MARY MAGDALENE: accompanied by several others. 2. THEN SHE RUNNETH; she went ahead, saw the stone rolled away, and hastened back without looking in. The others waited, looked in, and saw an angel. (5) PETER AND JOHN VISIT THE SEPULCHRE (vs. 3-10). 8. BELIEVED: that Jesus was really risen from the dead. (6) TWO ANGELS APPEAR TO MARY MAGDALENE (vs. 11-13). Mary returned more slowly, and reached the tomb just after Peter and John had left. (7) JESUS REVEALS HIMSELF AS A RISEN SAVIOUR FIRST TO MARY MAGDALENE (vs. 14-18). 14. KNEW NOT THAT IT WAS JESUS: she did not look up, her eyes were dim with tears: His garments must have been *different*; she was not expecting to see Him. 17. TOUCH ME NOT: do not stop now to express your wonder and praise, but hasten on and tell the disciples the news. I AM NOT YET ASCENDED: I have not gone yet; there will be other times for you to see Me. Jesus appeared on eleven different occasions during forty days.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—At what hour did Jesus die? Where was He buried? Why in a new tomb. What two men took charge of His burial?

SUBJECT: THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

I. THE RESURRECTION.—On what day *did* Jesus rise from the dead? How long had He been dead? What promise was thus fulfilled? (Matt. 16: 21; 20: 19.) What signs accompanied the resurrection? What precaution had been taken so that there could be no deception? (Mark 15: 44; John 19: 33, 34; Matt. 28: 62-66.)

II. THE EMPTY SEPULCHRE (vs. 1-10).—Who came first to visit the tomb? Who were with her? (Mark 16: 1; Luke 24: 10.) To whom did she report? What did the other women see? (Mark 16: 5-7.) What two men *came* next? Had they expected the resurrection of Jesus?

III. THE RISEN LORD (vs. 11-18).—What did Mary do on her return? What did she see? Who approached at this time? Why did Mary not recognize Him? Whom did she suppose it was? How did Jesus make Himself known? Why must she not touch Him? With what message did He send her? How many times did Jesus appear? During how long a time? (Acts 1: 3.)

Why is *so much said* about the resurrection of Jesus? What does Paul say about its importance? (1 Cor. 15: 13-20.) What comfort and hope does it give us?

Did Jesus rise with the same body with which He was crucified? (John 20: 25; Luke 24: 39-43.) Was it then like the bodies we shall have at the resurrection? (1 Cor. 15: 50-52.) When did that change take place in Jesus' body? (Luke 24: 51.) Could we prove that Jesus rose from the dead unless He came back with exactly the same body that died?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. We have here an excellent example of keeping the Sabbath.

II. The very efforts of opposers God compels to minister to the success of the Gospel.

III. Our eyes are often holden from seeing our Lord because He comes in unexpected ways and strange providences.

IV. The resurrection of Jesus is (1) the crowning proof that Christ is the Son of God; (2) the proof of life beyond the grave; (3) the assurance of our own resurrection: (4) that our Saviour has power over death and all enemies; (5) it is a symbol of our *moral* resurrection.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 7.

THOMAS CONVINCED.—John 20: 19-31.

COMMIT VERSES 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And Thomas answered and said unto Him my Lord and my God.—John 20; 28.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus confirms the faith of His disciples, that they may go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 20: 19-31.
T. Matt. 28: 8-15.
W. Mark 16: 12-20.
Th. Luke 24: 13-49.
F. Acts 2: 1-18, 42-47.
Sa. John 14: 1-31.
Su. John 16: 1-24.

TIME.—Sunday evening, April 9, A.D. 30, and Sunday evening, April 16.

PLACE.—A room in Jerusalem.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—Matt. 28: 8-15; Mark 16: 12, 13; Luke 24: 13-31; 1 Cor. 15: 5.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Mark 16: 14-42; Luke 24: 36-49; 1 Cor. 15: 5.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

SECOND APPEARANCE OF JESUS, Sunday morning, April 9, to the other women (Matt. 28: 9, 10). THIRD APPEARANCE. To Peter alone (Luke 24: 34; 1 Cor. 15: 5). FOURTH APPEARANCE. To two disciples on the way to Emmaus; Sunday afternoon (*Mark 16: 12, 13*; Luke 24: 13-35). FIFTH APPEARANCE. To the disciples, except Thomas, the same Sunday evening (vs. 19, 20; Mark 16: 14; Luke 24: 36-43). 19. CAME JESUS AND STOOD IN THE MIDST: miraculously, but perhaps by silently opening the door. PEACE BE UNTO YOU: common salutation of the Jews. 20. SHEWED UNTO THEM HIS HANDS: to show that He was precisely the same Jesus who was crucified, and not a spirit. They were terrified at His appearance. 21. EVEN SO SEND I YOU: to take my place and *do* my work. Mark adds that they were to preach the Gospel to every creature. Every Christian is able to be a missionary. 24. WHOSOEVER SINS YE REMIT, etc.: the Holy Spirit would so lead them that what they did would be endorsed by God. They would preach the true doctrine of forgiveness of sins to all who believed on Jesus; and Jesus would forgive all who believed through their preaching. 24. DIDYMUS: the twin, Greek for the Hebrew Thomas.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—To whom did Christ appear first after His resurrection? To whom did He make His second appearance? The third? The fourth?

SUBJECT: FAITH CONFIRMED AND WORK APPOINTED.

I. FAITH CONFIRMED BY THE PRESENCE OF THE RISEN LORD (vs. 19, 20).—How many times did Jesus appear to His disciples on the day He rose from the dead? What were the disciples doing on that first Sunday evening? (Mark 16: 14.) How many were present? Why were the doors closed? What reason had they to fear the Jews? How did Jesus enter? What were His first words? How does Jesus bring peace? What was the effect of His appearance on the disciples? (Luke 24: 37.) How did He prove that He was the same Jesus they had known before? What other proof is given in Luke? (24: 41-43.) What was the effect of this assurance on the disciples? Does the conscious presence of Jesus always bring gladness to those who love Him?

II. THE DISCIPLES COMMISSIONED (vs. 21-23, 30, 31).—Where did Jesus send His disciples? (Mark 16: 15, 16.) What were they to do? How did He prepare them for this work? (v. 22.) How did the Holy Spirit enable them to carry on the work of Jesus in the world? (John 14: 26; 15: 26; 16: 7-11.) When was this gift fully bestowed? (Acts 2: 1, 2, 16-21.) What further promise did Jesus make? (v. 23.) What does this verse mean?

III. THE DISCIPLES' FAITH STILL MORE CONFIRMED (vs. 24-29).—Which one of the disciples was absent from the Sunday evening meeting? What did he lose by his absence? What did he require in order to believe? When did Jesus appear the second time to the disciples? What did He say to Thomas? Did he then see Jesus as divine? Was his true faith? What kind of faith did Jesus say was still better? Why?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. True disciples love to meet together for worship.

II. Jesus will be present at such meetings.

III. Jesus' presence brings peace, gladness and faith.

IV. It is a great loss to be away from such meetings. Thomas lost (1) the blessing of Jesus; (2) the gift of the Holy Spirit, (3) the teachings of Jesus, (4) confirmation of his faith.

V. The duty of preaching the Gospel to every creature is laid upon us all.

VI. Jesus has promised to bless faithful labors in His cause.

VII. There are those whose salvation or loss depends on our faithfulness.

VIII. A believing, trusting, loving heart is a great blessing.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

FASHION BURDENS.

When I began to talk of having a new suit, Cousin Fanny, who, of late, has been my assistant and oracle in matters of the kind, said that I had better have it made a plaited skirt, as those seemed to remain rather the prevailing style for such goods as mine.

"But I have withstood the mode thus long," I replied, "and I think I will not begin now. Besides, they have become so very common that I do not believe I want one, even if I were not prejudiced on account of the weight they impose upon the wearer."

"But when nicely made they look well," returned Fanny, "yet plain, and suitable for any occasion. And what fashion is not common?" she added, "or how will you have a skirt made in these days, and it not be heavy, except it may be of a print or gingham dress?"

"But these plaited skirts, must be unwarrantably heavy," I replied, "and there can be such a thing done as to put in less cloth than this style demands, even though it may be possible, perhaps, to put in more. And as for carrying such a load of dry goods as this mode demands, it is something I will not do while I have my senses, fashion or no fashion," I said very decidedly. "To be exact, let us for a moment consider the component parts of one of these modern plaited dress skirts. First, comes the foundation skirt of stout material, this faced on both outside and inside at the bottom, and usually a lining up part way of stiff wiggin. To be sure the skirt is not wide, which is its only redeeming feature, if we except the absence of a train. Then over this foundation skirt comes the plaited cloth, threefold of either silk (often heavy black silk) or wool goods, more or less weighty. The plaits often reach nearly to the top of the skirt, and then over these is placed yards of cloth, draped and puffed on as fashion or fancy may dictate."

"You make it appear quite a formidable affair," said Fanny, laughing.

"And it is formidable, more, it is abominable as well as absurd to think of women and slender girls wearing such skirts, of mothers, who ought to consider the matter, thus weighting their own bodies, or allowing their daughters to carry such needless burdens. And to make it worse, the whole weight is usually borne upon the hips, thus pressing upon the delicate organs of the diaphragm, while men must have suspenders to help them bear the weight of their trousers, scarce a tenth part as heavy as some of the fashionable dress skirts."

"Just so," said Leonidas, chancing to come in at this juncture, "I lifted one of Fanny's dresses from the chair the other day, and it fairly lamed my arm to hold it a moment."

"Poor, weak cousin!" interrupted Fanny, "won't you have the liniment for your lame arm?"

"Weak! Why, if I were obliged to wear such a skirt down town," continued Leo, "I should need two canes and a pair of crutches to help me along, and then quite likely have to hail an omnibus before getting to the office. And how comfortable it must be, to be wrapped up in so much cloth this warm weather," he went on, as he took a fan and commenced to use it vigorously.

But to return to my own skirt. I finally compromised the matter by deciding to have it plaited in spaces, which would require not more than half the width of cloth which is put into close plaits, and also to have them reach only part way up the skirt, the top being finished by drapery.

"And not too much drapery either, Fanny," I repeat, as she prepares to model the suit, "for I must have a dress which I can walk comfortably in whenever I choose to do so. And we do not wish to spend too much time upon the making either, for life has other work than this to perform, though reasonable attention must needs be given to apparel suited to one's circumstances and tastes."

When at last the suit was finished it looked plain, and yet it was sufficiently trimmed, but not so elaborate as are countless rows of ruffles or fine plaits. Even now it is too heavy for comfort in walking, though lighter than most which are made and worn by others. I could bear my own slight discomfort in silence, only that I am thus led to think of the burdens which the larger majority of women and girls who make any pretension to dress, willingly assume.

Were it only ladies of leisure, who ride oftener than walk, and have few laborious tasks to perform, the matter would assume a different aspect, even though these have no right to set the example to others, or needlessly injure the health, which might with proper sense and care be preserved. But it is not these alone by any means.

Every day I see passing my window or meet upon the street, young women going to and from stores, offices or other places of employment, where they must be on their feet much of the day, burdened with the weight of heavy, fashionable dress skirts, these weighing upon the hips, and thus bearing upon the more delicate organs of the body. I note teachers in our public schools, the music teacher in her rounds, school girls who need to be much in the open air, and to walk freely and buoyantly, wearing these weighty garments which I feel are helping to bring on diseases and invalidism for the future of their lives. It is this, I believe, with other follies, which harms far more than any downright hard study is liable to do.

Not only are dress skirts made altogether too heavy, but the long, weighty cloaks of the past winter or two have been extremely burdensome. Far better be clothed in warm undergarments of light material than wear such weighty dresses and cloaks as have been more or less adopted of late years.—*A Martyr of the Period.*

WHAT SHALL OUR CHILDREN READ?

With many people the fact of their children being so-called "great readers" is enough. They neglect to inquire what sort of literature is attractive to them, and what influence it is having in the formation of their characters, and if they provide at all for this want it is in the most economical (?) manner. The mother is very anxious as to the materials and manner of making of every garment and of every meal prepared for her child. She feeds the body and arrays and beautifies it, and neglects the jewel within the casket till it is seared by the fires of vain imaginations, fostered by the improbable, too often impossible, tales of the modern writers.

First of all, every child should be taught a love for "the old, old story." Let the Bible be the most attractive book in the house. We frequently look at the "big Bible" pictures and talk about them, and read its large print together, and the time when each child is old enough to own a Bible of its own is one eagerly looked forward to. I do not approve of ever making a task of committing texts, but every little one may learn faith in the Saviour who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." In learning each text its application may be taught, and soon an interest in such matters is established.

There are books now that should be in the hands of all children, specially adapted to every-day use, and from which they may learn texts, and gain strength and help for the little daily cross bearing that comes to us all. We have in use "Morning Bells," which has a morning text, reading and hymn for thirty-one days. A suitable book for evening readings is "Little Pillows," which the least child may read and go with sweetest thoughts to its rest.

For struggling young Christians there is another excellent book, "Coming to the King," which has lovely forms of petitions and readings, and coming from a mother to her child, a teacher to pupil, or a pastor to one of his flock, is a most suitable gift, and furnishes "milk for babes," and nourishment for any who will avail themselves of it. These books are prepared by Frances Ridley Havergal.

This sort of reading matter is most important, and the many helps to the Sabbath School lessons now in use should be studied by parents, and the best to be had furnished to those who need them.

Natural history and biography in attractive forms and by really good authors are now within the reach of many. But to those who do not have the "wherewithal" for the purchase of books, these are unattainable.

Can we not encourage our young folks to deny themselves some luxuries, some extra ornaments, and devote that much to the procuring of really suitable literature, for the everlasting adornment of their minds.

Great care should be exercised in selection—not all instruction—some sugar. Sweets to the taste of each, spiced or acidulated. Many homes now mourn the loss of their hold upon the children whose ideas of life have been formed by the highly colored, overwrought, if not immoral, tales of some so-called "young folks' periodicals." Parents, see to it you do not one day wish you had cared to know what sort of tastes your children are forming, and guided them in a proper choice, by furnishing what is good and pure and true even if their stomachs and bodies go without unnecessary luxuries.—*The Household.*

ACCIDENTAL POISONING.

If you have swallowed a poison, whether laudanum, arsenic, or other poisonous drug, put a tablespoonful of ground mustard in a glass of water, cold or warm, stir and swallow quickly. Instantaneously the contents of the stomach will be thrown up, not allowing the poisonous substance time to be absorbed and taken into the blood. As soon as vomiting ceases, swallow the white of one or two eggs, for the purpose of antagonizing any small portion of the poison which may have been left behind. Let the reader remember the principle, which is to get the poison out of you as quickly as possible.

There are other things which will also serve as a speedy emetic, but the advantage of mustard is, it is always at hand, it acts instantaneously without any other medicinal effects. The use of the white of an egg is, that although it does not nullify all poisons, it antagonizes a larger number than any other agent so readily attainable. But having taken the mustard or egg, send for a physician; these are advised in order to save time, as the delay of twenty minutes often causes death.

CURES OF BITES AND STINGS.

Almost all these are destructive from their acid nature, consequently the cure is an alkali. Spirits of hartshorn is one of the strongest, and is kept in almost every household, and you have only to pour some of it out in a teacup, and dabble it on with a rag. Relief is immediate. If you have not hartshorn then saleratus is a suitable alkali. Moisten it with water, and use as in the case of hartshorn. Or, pour a teacup of boiling water on as much wood ashes, stir it, in a few minutes you will have an alkali.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

FRUIT SYRUPS.

Making syrup is an all day affair, and a good plan is to set the jars of juice in the oven at evening and keep a low fire all night, finishing off next afternoon. Six quarts of grape-juice should make one of syrup, wine-colored, lucent, of delicious, refreshing perfume and flavor. One tablespoonful in a glass of water gives a delightful drink, like fresh grape-juice, the true substitute for wine with all temperate people, and the finest medicine for correcting a feverish, bilious state ever known. The syrup itself is valuable for restoring strength, and consumptive persons should take it by the tumbler daily, sipping it leisurely, with sugar, if too tart for the taste. It makes new, rich blood, it cleanses the system, clears the brain and feeds starved nerves. It has the hypophosphites which doctors prescribe for waste of tissue, and taken freely will arrest even critical stages of disease. People fed on pure food with abundance of fruit need never dread cancer, Bright's disease, gout, neuralgia, dropsy, or a dozen other of the worst scourges of the race.—*Vick's Magazine.*

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

"It is a grave mistake which so many house-mothers make to crowd Saturday so full of extra work—cleaning and baking, and mending and making—until midnight commands the needle to fall from the weary fingers. One of the sweetest and saintliest of the mothers of the generation now growing old, used always to call Saturday 'The Preparation Day,' borrowing the old Jewish designation of the day before the Sabbath. Morning was given to the careful preparation of house and food and apparel for the holy morrow; afternoon to the preparation of herself. Not religious preparation—her soul was always ready for spiritual joy—but she would not have a tired body or a jaded mind to drag upon the upsoaring spirit. The hours were spent in reading, in still idleness, in looking over and cutting slips from accumulated newspapers, in a walk, a drive, above all in companionship with the children.

"Many a rainy afternoon was spent in repeating to them the poems with which her richly endowed mind was stored—cantos of Scott, sonnets of Shakespeare and Milton, long poems of Goldsmith and Cowper and Dryden, ballads of Burns and Motherwell, the earlier poems of Longfellow and Tennyson, the Hebrew melodies of Bynn, the sacred songs of Keble, or Newton or Montgomery. Many a winter afternoon was spent in pasting pictures into the great scrap-book, which was one of the institutions of the family, in learning the intricacies of the Chinese puzzle, or in solving the enigmas or charades of "Merry's Museum," the one children's magazine of those days. Blessed Saturday half-holiday! Day of sweet and joyful preparation! Why cannot mothers and mistresses take the initiative in the new reform, and inaugurate such a half-holiday in all the households in the land?"—*Good Housekeeping.*

GRAHAM GEMS.—Two cups of graham flour one tablespoonful of sugar, a small teaspoonful of salt, two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder stirred lightly in and mix with cold water as thin as griddle cakes or till it will run in a nearly continuous stream. The secret of success lies in the baking. Set your buttered gem pan, the cup shaped are the best, on top of the stove and let it become very hot, then pour in the mixture, let it set a moment and put in as hot an oven as you dare. Don't open the door till they are done, which will be in about ten minutes. Sometimes we leave out both sugar and baking powder and they are very nice hot, and especially grateful to a dyspeptic member of our family.

PUZZLES.

WORD BUILDING.

Each of the following puzzles is to be solved by forming a series of words, building the words by adding one letter at a time, and sometimes changing the order of the letters. For example, ten, tape, prate, tapers, repeats.

1. Inflammable air,
   By one letter, with ease
   You may make into clothes,
   Old and worn (if you please).
   These, to something sweet-tasting,
   Now change, in like manner,
   Then change to a squadron
   Of troops, with a banner.

2. Frame now for me
   Of letters three
   A woman, vow'd in single life to live:
   Now add one more—
   So making four—
   And change her to a substantive.
   Add now to this,
   A vowel 'tis,
   And you will marriage find, I hope;
   Change, and add one;
   When this is done,
   Behold a servant of the Pope.

3. A knock at the door
   I change, if you wish,
   With one letter, into
   A long-living fish,
   Then that, in like manner
   If you have a mind
   To what mourners wear,
   Can be changed, as you'll find.
   With a consonant, now
   Make what covers a floor
   And a part of a book
   By one letter more.

BURIED CITIES.

Eight buried cities.

1. I cannot make this sewing-machine go; there is something the matter with the upper thread.

2. Did you hear the smash this morning? I was pouring out some water in my bed-room when down went the whole thing on the floor, breaking into a dozen pieces. It must have been a very weak cover.

3. Just look! What a pretty green thing that is gliding through the grass. Do you call that horrid thing a "pretty" reptile?

4. Don't you think that Dora Weston is a dear little thing? She may be a dear girl; but she can hardly be called little, I think, when she weighs about 130 pounds.

5. Really, I cannot go with you, pa, until I have finished this sketch for Sue.

6. I wonder by what means Jo found out that secret about the surprise-party?

7. Mary and John went South by land; but Willie went by water, looking out for gaining good from the voyage.

8. What a delicious breakfast we had this morning at the hotel. Yes; pretty good; but they gave us a very poor omelet.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER

WHAT IS IT.—Splash,
plash,
lash,
ash,
sh.

RIVAL SCHOOLS.—Allopathy, Homœopathy.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—Nails
snail,
slain.

The Family Circle.

CHRIST WHO LIVES.

I love to think of a Christ who lives!
  Whose sorrows and griefs are o'er:
I love to think that beneath his feet
  Is the cruel crown He wore.
He hangs not now on the lifted tree,
  Nor sleeps in the silent grave:
He lives; and often his face I see,
  As he bids my heart be brave.

Softly I say to myself, "He lives!"
  I know it was well He died;
I know it was death that atoned for sin,
  And brought me to his dear side:
But glad am I that I gaze not now
  On a sad and weary face;
Nor wipe the blood from an icy brow,
  So marred by the world's disgrace.

I love to think of a Christ who lives!
  I gaze on his open side;
But, oh! it is joy that a living heart
  Thence poureth love's living tide.
I gaze on the eyes once dim in death—
  They beam with a light Divine.
While I seem to feel his vital breath,
  As He tells me He is mine.

He lives! 'tis a living Christ we serve,
  'Tis a living Christ we love;
Who took our flesh, with its wounds and scars,
  To the Royal Court above.
He lives, and knoweth each pressing need,
  And sympathy sweetly gives:
He lives who died. Oh! 'tis joy, indeed.
  To think of a Christ who lives.

—*Wm. Luff, in Christian.*

LEILA'S FOREIGN MISSION WORK.

BY JOSEPHINE L. ROBERTS.

Leila Kent stood in the porch, waiting for the sleigh to come to the door. The fierce west wind was driving away the storm of the morning, and, at the same time, was drawing warm tints of rose-color to Leila's cheeks, as she walked up and down to keep herself warm, while her thoughts were busied with pleasant anticipations of the meeting which she expected to attend that afternoon. A returned missionary was to address the auxiliary to which Leila belonged, and such an opportunity was rare in quiet Stonebrook. None the less was it thoroughly appreciated when it came.

The Stonebrook Mission Circle was only two years old, but it had been planted in the soil of sacrifice and had taken firm root. The gentle little lady who had first gathered her own class around her, and had talked to them of missions, had gone away to India, followed by the loving tears and prayers of the young society. Leila Kent had been one of the earliest to join the circle, and was one of the most enthusiastic of its members, and, although the wind was wild and keen, and the sky not clear as yet, it would have been a great trial to her to remain at home and miss the treat of hearing a missionary speak,—a missionary from India, too, and one who, not so very long ago, had even seen Leila's much-loved and valued friend.

So when the sleigh drove up to the door, Leila took the reins from Tom's hand, sprang to her seat, and, after tucking the buffalo robes about her, chirruped to the gentle horse, and turned out of the gate.

Even without sunshine, the day was beautiful. The world was clothed in silver-gray from the effect of a freezing storm. Without the aid of light, the breeze from the mountains had not yet been able to dislodge the ice which clung to the branches of the forest trees. The chime of the sleigh-bells fell harmoniously into the midst of this wild loveliness, and Leila, from her happy heart, sang clear, low hymns, as she passed over the deserted country roads.

She was not disappointed when she reached the place of meeting. It was in the lecture-room of Stonebrook Church. Leila was early, and had time, standing on the register, to look about her and notice the brightness and cosiness of the room. It was cheerier than usual, with the missionary map hanging in one corner and new mottoes on the walls.

The address was full of interest. The descriptions given were vivid, the incidents mentioned were many and varied, while now and then the sympathetic listeners were permitted a glimpse into the missionary's heart. As Leila rose with the others at the close of the meeting and joined in the hymn

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

she felt an eager desire to go across the seas. After the singing the members of the circle were invited to come forward, and examine the foreign curiosities which had been displayed. Leila did so, and then, to her delight, she had an opportunity of being introduced to the speaker of the afternoon. The lady clasped Leila's hand warmly. "Your interested face was a great help to me," she said. After a little talk, Leila moved aside, but still lingered, as the lady explained the uses of different articles, and answered eager questions.

"No, I shall not be in the neighborhood much longer," Leila overheard her saying. "I return to my work in about a month, so it is not probable that I shall meet you again in this country. But perhaps," she said with a smile, "I shall see some of these dear girls in India."

Leila moved slowly away with a serious face. Her ride homeward was a thoughtful one. "I wonder what constitutes a call to mission work," she pondered. "I have every advantage. Mother would be heartily glad to have me go, much as she loves me. She will not need me when my sisters come home from school, and I shall be too young to go sooner than that. I have had a good education. And I think—yes, I think, I am willing to bear trials, and, if not, I ought to be."

So Leila considered grave questions all the way home, but entered her invalid mother's room with a bright face, and sitting down beside her sofa, told her all that the missionary had said.

A month later the missionary sailed away, carrying the memory of that bright face, and two or three years slipped away. Among many fancies that came and went, the one idea of a missionary life kept its hold on Leila. With reference to that, the young girl learned and practised many forms of work in themselves distasteful to her. Her sisters, meanwhile,—one merry, busy, energetic, the other, the best of nurses,—returned to their home.

India began to look near. Sitting alone in the twilight, Leila could almost see its strange foreign shores, its tropical plants, and its dark-eyed inhabitants. Seriously, yet gladly, she awaited an opportunity to talk over her future with her mother. The right time soon came, and Leila received free consent to go as a missionary. Tears of sorrow, and wondering questions, followed the announcement of her wishes to the family, but no remonstrance was made by any one, and the words of her mother's blessing made glad echoes in Leila's heart.

It had been thought best that she should not immediately offer her services to the Board. There were several little ways in which she might render herself more useful, so four or five months were to pass before the important letter was written. Those months were busy and happy ones—at first. Then a grave doubt arose. Leila seemed almost sad at times. Her mother watched her, wondering, and often thought of her in sleepless nights. Never before had she been often inattentive and preoccupied—or could it be that Leila did not hear?

The months of preparation hastened away. Still Leila's letter was not written. Two weeks of anxious wonder went by, and then Leila came to her mother with a request. "I should like to see the best aurist in the city," she said. The fears of mother and daughter were soon realized. Leila did not become entirely deaf, but the missionary work was found to be, for her, out of the question. Her love of music could no longer give her satisfaction, and it was often a painful and unsuccessful effort that she made to listen to the conversation of her friends.

Leila gave up her hopes quietly, and tried to engage in work at home, but it was, at first, a weary labor;—there seemed so little to do in that lonely country place. Her heart was far away. Her loss of hearing obliged her, before long, to give up her Sabbath school class.

"It is like coming back from India, and beginning all over again," she told her mother once. "It seems as if I ought to do something special for missions," she said to herself. "Only I don't know how."

Having plenty of idle time, Leila took up her drawing, which had long been neglected for more important things. "It seems strange to come back to amusement," she said to Carrie. "I mean, to spending hours in recreation. But I cannot sew for the poor all day. It tires my back. And people can't talk with me much." And Leila ended with a weary little sigh followed by a patient smile. Carrie leaned over and kissed her.

"I wonder," she exclaimed, "whether you could not draw designs for wall paper and carpets. It is rather in your line Leila. I had a friend at school whose bills were paid by an older sister engaged in that way."

Leila's face brightened at the thought, and she put yet more careful touches into her work. She tried her skill, made inquiries, wrote letters, and after a time received regular employment. "Now, I can send a substitute!" she exclaimed, on receiving her first check.

Leila's life was full again, full of work and of interest. Her deep sympathy with missionaries could hardly fail while she knew of the labors and trials, joys and cares, of her "other self."

For Leila found her substitute, and while she worked for her in her quiet room doubly quiet now, her thoughts and prayers followed her in and out of heathen homes, and along narrow, sun-blinded streets. She wrote her long letters of loving encouragement. And when anybody told Leila that she was not interested in missions, she sometimes asked, "Have you ever considered whether you ought not to go yourself? And, if you ought not, have you come as near as you can to sending a substitute?"—*Watchman.*

TEN CENTS IN THE DOLLAR.

Many years ago a lad of sixteen years left home to seek his fortune. All his worldly possessions were tied up in a bundle which he carried in his hand. As he trudged along he met an old neighbor, the captain of a canal boat, and the following conversation took place, which changed the whole current of the boy's life:

"Well, William, where are you going?"

"I don't know," he answered. "Father is too poor to keep me any longer, and says I must now make a living for myself."

"There is no trouble about that," said the captain. "Be sure you start right, and you'll get along finely."

William told his friend that the only trade he knew anything about was soap and candle-making, at which he had helped his father while at home.

"Well," said the old man, "let me pray with you and give you a little advice, and then I will let you go."

They both kneeled upon the towpath (the path along which the horses that drew the boat walked). The old man prayed for William, and then this advice was given: "Some one will soon be the leading soap-maker in New York. It can be you as well as any one. I hope it may. Be a good man; give your heart to Christ; give the Lord all that belongs to him of every dollar you earn; make an honest soap, give a full pound, and I am certain you will yet be a great, good and rich man."

When the boy reached the city he found it hard to get work. Lonesome and far away from home, he remembered his mother's last words and the last words of the canal boat captain. He was then and there led to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." He united with the Church. He remembered his promise to the old captain. The first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. He looked in the Bible and found that the Jews were commanded to give one-tenth, so he said, "If the Lord will take one-tenth, I will give that." And so he did. Ten cents of every dollar was sacred to the Lord.

After a few years both partners died, and William became the sole owner of the business. He now resolved to keep his promise to the old captain; he made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his book-keeper to open an account with the Lord and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He was prosperous; his business grew; his family was blessed; his soap sold, and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped. He then decided to give the Lord two-tenths, and he prospered more than ever; then three-tenths, then four-tenths, then five-tenths. He educated his family, settled all his plans for life, and told the Lord he would give him all his income. He prospered more than ever. This is the true story of a man who has given millions of dollars to the Lord's cause, and left a name that will never die.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

TOBACCO AND REFINEMENT.

Smoking is the least offensive use of tobacco; but one cannot smoke, and frequent the society of those who do not smoke, without bearing in his clothes the stale odor of his disagreeable habit. Much worse than this, he breathes it out in every expiration. The sweet air of heaven is turned by him each instant into a malodorous savor of an offering on the altar of appetite. Whether he bears the kiss of affection to those nearest him, or the words of prayer to the Spirit of spirits, both alike are under the immediate suggestion and taint of a physical system penetrated and permeated with tobacco. He himself, in losing the purity of a pure breath, loses the sense of wrong he is doing his own life and the lives of others; yet he brings that sense afresh to every one who, with quicker sensibilities, approaches him.

This loss of the feeling of offence in an offensive appetite marks an important point in which the habit interferes with refinement and true courtesy. The smoker takes it patiently when a superior power sorts him out and hems him in, in a place set apart to this disagreeable indulgence as a smoking-car—bearing what traces of its low uses! But when he is left to himself, on the street, in a public place, in legislative halls, he assumes at once the precedence of his unkindly habit, and lets his neighbor make what shift he can to avoid the air which he sends forth from the recesses of his mouth, laden with disturbance to eyes, nostrils, and lungs. There is scarcely a smoker to be found that does not, at some time, in a careless way, put upon others the discomfort of his habit. How can it be otherwise? He is driven by an exacting demand, whose disagreeable effects are very much hidden from him. The smoker loses the power to see himself as others see him. If those who use tobacco were decidedly in the minority, the habit would be thought to be a strange, outlandish, outrageous perversion of the decorum of life; and in its open indulgence, a surprising trespass on good taste and delicate consideration. I think we shall see this to be so if we consider the effect the habit of chewing, or smoking even, would have on our estimate of a refined woman. The union is almost an impossibility. Yet there is nothing but the nature of the habit that renders the use of tobacco unfit in a woman. It is superior purity and refinement only that banish it from such a presence.—*John Bascom, D.D.*

THE SILENT MAN.

Among the reminiscences of the war, the following extract from an interview with an old Virginia Methodist preacher is interesting: "Yes, my house was full of generals. There were Sheridan, Humphreys, Meade, Custer, Ord, and quite a number of others; and they were a lively set and full of fun, and quite jolly, with the exception of one officer whom I noticed sitting apart from the others, smoking, and taking but little part in their sports. They all went out of the house but this solitary, silent man; and as I was going out, he asked me where the pump was, as he would like to get a drink. On offering to get him some water he said: 'No, sir; I am a younger man than you. I will go myself.' And, as I passed out, he came out behind me. When in about the middle of the hall, my little granddaughter came running toward me; but the silent man, spreading out both arms, caught her, and taking her up, fairly smothered her with kisses, and said: 'This reminds me of my little girl at home, and makes me homesick.' To the question, 'Where is your home?' he replied, 'Galena, Ill.; but I have my family at City Point, and I am anxious to get back to them,' I said, 'Will you permit me to ask your name, sir?' 'Certainly. My name is Grant.' 'Grant!' exclaimed I: 'General Grant?' And I stood there, awe-stricken and paralyzed with astonishment. I thought to myself, 'Here is a man whose name is now in the mouth of every man, woman and child throughout the civilized world, and yet he exhibits no emotion and seems unconcerned and unmoved until the little child reminds him of his loved ones at home;' and I fairly broke down, as General Grant had been pictured out to us as a bloody butcher, and I had looked for a man as savage as a Comanche Indian. To say I was agreeably disappointed expresses my feelings but feebly."—*Dumb Animals.*

JACOB ABBOTT.

BY E. A.

Most writers are known by some one of their books, no matter how many they may have written. Mrs. Stowe, for example, by her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Bryant by his "Thanatopsis," Scott by his "Lady of the Lake," and Dickens by the "Pickwick Papers." And Jacob Abbott, though he was the author of nearly if not quite two hundred volumes, will probably be best known to posterity by his "Rollo Books," the first, as they are in some respects the best, of his writings for children.

Mr. Abbott was born in Hallowell, Maine, on the fourteenth of November, 1803, and he died, in 1879 in Farmington, Maine. But though the two ends of his life thus came very near together, the great circle of it was mostly passed elsewhere. The fifty years of his activity were spent chiefly in Massachusetts and New York.

Mr. Abbott's father intended him, as well as his other sons—there were five in all—for the ministry, and all five, Jacob first and the others following, were educated at Bowdoin College and at Andover Theological Seminary. But other work was waiting for Jacob, and indeed for them all. Jacob Abbott was never so much of a minister as he was a teacher, and he was never so much of a teacher as he was a writer. His only engagement in the ministry was at Roxbury, Mass., with what is now the Eliot Congregational Church, which, indeed, he gathered and organized in 1834 and 1835. His teaching was as tutor and professor at Amherst College, from 1825 to 1830; as Principal of the New Mount Vernon School in Boston, from 1830 to 1833; and, later, as an Associate Principal with his brothers of a large and distinguished institution for young ladies in New York; but his writings began with, and were carried along in the midst of, these several vocations, and outlasted them both. True, he did use to amuse himself during his later life at Farmington by teaching French to friendly classes of children and young ladies, but probably in the last twenty years of his life he never preached a sermon.

It is interesting to notice how Mr. Abbott's writings partook of the purpose of the two professions which he at different times exercised. His books were either, like his "Teacher," or his "Gentle Measures," intended to help in the work of popular instruction; or, like the "Young Christian," or "The Way to do Good," had for their object the illustration of religious truth, and of the simple principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ, without sectarian use, in their application to every-day life, or else the instruction and training of the minds of young people in the common matters of the world we live in. These were the motives of almost every page of the long list of children's books which bear his name.

Pen in hand, Jacob Abbott was either teacher or preacher, but always in an entertaining and familiar, never in a dry professional way.

Mr. Abbott's first book of importance was "The Young Christian." This he made out of a series of religious conversations or lectures given to the young ladies of the Mount Vernon School in Boston in 1831—1832. He was then not quite thirty years old. The three other volumes of this series, "The Corner Stone," "The Way to do Good," and "Henry-head and MacDonner," grew out of the same source.

The "Rollo Books," which established his fame as a writer for children, were mostly written at Farmington, Maine, where Mr. Abbott went in 1839 to spend a few years. His father and mother and two sisters were then living at Farmington. He bought a small tract of wild land right opposite his father's house in the outskirts of the village, and there proceeded to make himself a home. He built a small one-story house for comfort, and for amusement gradually converted the grounds around into a little earthly paradise. He gave to the place the name of "Little Blue." Here, while he worked out-doors he wrote in-doors, and the "Rollo Books" grew into a series.

Mr. Abbott left Farmington in 1843 for New York, to join his brothers in founding a school for young ladies, which was planned on a very much larger scale than any institution of its kind then known. "Little Blue" was taken by his youngest brother, Samuel, and became the seat of a school for boys, which in other hands continues to this day.

The next twenty-five years of his life Mr. Abbott spent in New York City, varying his residence there with repeated visits to Europe and to Farmington. During this time he became interested in the old homestead opposite "Little Blue," where his parents had lived and died, and where his two sisters still remained; and here in time he created another "Little Blue" to which was given the name of "Few-acres." Here he came to spend more and more of his time as the years went by, until about 1870 he finally left New York and took up his residence at "Few-acres" altogether. This last-named period of twenty-five years was Mr. Abbott's most productive season. During this time it was that he wrote the "Marco Paul," "Jonas," and "Lucy," books, the "Red Histories," as they are known, the "Harper's Story-books," "Rollo's tour in Europe," the "Franconia Stories," and the long list of other juveniles which ended in 1873 with the Science Series in four volumes.

The question has been often asked whether the characters in Jacob Abbott's books were real characters. Was there ever really a "Jonas," a "Rollo," a "Beechnut," a "Phonny," a "Mr. George?" The answer to this question is both no and yes. No one character in any one book is perhaps a picture of any one person. At the same time it is true, that most of the characters in Mr. Abbott's books, and, indeed, a great

JACOB ABBOTT.

part of their incident and experience, are founded on fact. He put into the figures of his "Rollos," his "Phonnys," and his "Marco Pauls" the actual traits of the live children whom it was a studious part of his method to have always about him. And in his "Jonas," his "Beechnuts," and his "Mr. Georges," one may see the unconscious reflection of his own rare gifts as a wise and companionable instructor. In this sense all Mr. Abbott's books are founded on real life, and this life-likeness it is which gives them their singular charm. "Rollo's Tour in Europe" is a notable illustration of this quality. The *volumes composing this series* were written largely, if not wholly, while the author was travelling abroad with a single companion, and they are the meat of actual experience, warmed up by the imagination; so that they have proved to be admirably adapted to the purposes of guide-books, and have thus been used in a large degree.

In no part of Mr. Abbott's life did his tastes find more characteristic expression than during the last ten years at Farmington. The Modest resources of "Few-acres" were quite enough for his moderate wants. He divided his days as of old between in-doors and out. Gentle work with his pen and *gentle work* with the shovel and wheel-barrow filled up his hours. He was always ready to throw down one either to amuse the village children who came to see him, or to give an hour's instruction to one of his French classes. He knew no distinction of persons in his attentions and courtesies, but was a friend to all. The boys and girls of the French Canadian quarter of the village probably felt even more at home in his company than did the admiring strangers from out of town, many of whom called as they passed to do him honor. A favorite occupation at this time, as his strength failed, was to sit in his easy-chair, with his head leaning against its cushioned side, and listen to the reading of his books, one by one, of many of which he had even forgotten the names, and in all of which he took curious interest. As their pages were turned in his hearing he seemed to live over again the scenes of the past which in some sense they described.

The picture of Mr. Abbott which accompanies this article is from a photograph and is an excellent likeness of him as he was in his prime. But a more characteristic picture would show him at his work-bench engaged in some delicate piece of cabinet-work, of which he was very fond; or in his rough blouse out upon the grounds, making a new path or superintending a bonfire; or at the blackboard in his study, teaching one of the house-servants how to read or write; or in his chair at his desk writing a large-print letter to one of his grand-children. These were his natural and preferred attitudes rather than the artificial and more stately posture of the photographer's saloon.

Mr. Abbott's personal presence was large and commanding. His temper was mild but firm. He belonged to the ranks of the peace-makers. It was a point with him to do good to all whom he could reach, to speak kindly to all, and to emphasize people's virtues rather than their faults. He never sought notice or praise, but was *contented with doing* his duty as he found it day by day. Whatever he wrote was written with the moral purpose behind it of instructing and benefiting his readers. A fame in literature was something he never coveted or expected. And so not only his writings but his life was a blessing to all, and he has gone to his reward leaving behind him an influence of character as well as of work which will long abide.

Mr. Abbott was buried at Mount Auburn Cemetery, in Cambridge, Mass., on the second day of November. A singular and pleasant feature of the service, both at the house and at the grave, was the presence of boys. Who they were and where they came from nobody knew. They were perhaps boys who had read the "Rollo Books," and had come to see the last that was to be seen of the man who had written them, their instructor and their friend. Hid among the few simple flowers which were brought to his casket were two little pinks, the offering of a poor boy who knew him by his works, and who was glad to give what he could as a token of his respect and regard. The little pinks were laid upon the breast of the good man, who when living had been so peculiarly the friend of such boys, and went with him to his burial.—*Wide Awake.*

LITTLE ORPHANS AT COLAR.

Miss Anstey, a Missionary in India, writes to her friends in England as follows:—

One Sabbath afternoon my children held a prayer-meeting to lay before the Lord the needs of the Mission. Several volunteered to fast until the service was concluded, and amongst them a caste lad who had lately joined the Mission to be instructed in Christian truths. Next day I received six rupees and a note from the gowda, or headman, at the Bethany village—a manly young farmer who looks after the Christian families residing there. His note ran thus:—

DEAR MOTHER,—Having felt very sorry on hearing that there was no money for the Orphan Home, I prayed, "O God, in whose name it is supported, send money to the Orphan Home." I believe we lack nothing if God is on our side. And He will withhold no good thing from those who walk uprightly. Therefore, dear mother, according to my poor condition, I send six rupees. May God send money abundantly. At the same time I send 126 measures of raggi which is God's portion from me. . . . Cast all your burden upon the Lord who cares for you every day. Thus wishing, your dear son, OBED DAYANERA.

July 7 is a day not to be forgotten. News spread that "Mother" was in heaviness. I could only trust that "the barrel of *meal shall not waste.*" But from whom could help come? There are no helpers in "Colar" outside the Mission. How sweet it was, when, in the evening, a young woman with her child came to the door, and said, "*Mother,*" and then quietly placed in my hand, without another word, her offering of love. This unexpected gift (nearly *half a month's pay*) made my heart overflow. Then, in much concern, she wiped away my tears, saying lovingly, "Do not weep, Mother." So I explained that they were tears of joy at her silent expression of practical sympathy.

Shortly after a young father of two fine sons came in, and, without a word, gave *more* than half his month's pay. The next day another Madras lad came, and asked that he might speak with me alone for a few moments; he handed me this note, wrapped round a rupee:—

DEAR MOTHER,—What I write is that I came to know that you were a little sorry yesterday. You support so many. You have *sorrow* yet. God will anyway support. I will also pray to God. *A little help may be done by me.* I do not mind taking a little less food this month.
ISRAEL.

Then another young mother came; she gave nearly a month's pay, and said, "If you are sad we are sad too—we do not forget the Lord's goodness to us in days past."

I determined to resume a meeting for waiting on Him daily for daily bread. We have long been feeling the need of showers of blessing; we have been crying out to Him for times of refreshing, and now the Lord has guided us to the time, plan, and those who were to take part in this new meeting for prayer. In their sympathy they have given liberally out of their comparative poverty, and now they will heartily help with their prayers. Commending this corner of the Lord's vineyard to the prayerful sympathies of the Lord's people, I am, yours very truly,
LOUISA H. ANSTEY.

TAKE CARE.

Take care of your health. A sound mind depends largely on a sound and healthy body; and without good health you are not likely to have vigor, or cheerfulness, or courage for duty, or success in life. Do all in your power, then, to have and keep good health.

Take care of your time. It is one of the most precious of God's gifts. Misimproved, it is loss, injury, ruin; rightly used, it is success, character, influence, life to the intellect, life to the soul. Know, then, and constantly remember, the value of time. Seize and improve every moment as it passes. No idleness, no waste, no procrastination. Never put off to the future what may be done now. Count as lost the day in which you have made no improvement or done no good.

Take care as to your associates. Not only will you be known by the company you keep, but you will soon become like it. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but the companion of fools shall be destroyed." Not only, then, shun the society of the idle, the profligate, the abandoned, and the vicious, the Sabbath-breaker, the profane, the sneerer at sacred things, but seek the society of the wise and good. —*Christian Advocate.*

THE GREELEY EXPEDITION.

(Ellice Hopkins, in Sunday Magazine.)

One of the most wonderful narratives of human endurance and human heroism that perhaps has ever been recorded, has lately been given to the world by Major Greeley under the title, "Three Years of Arctic Service, being an Account of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition of 1881—84, and the attainment of the farthest north." Those who think meanly of human nature should read that marvellous narrative, and see for themselves the infinite possibilities of self-sacrifice and self-control that lie hidden in common natures, a sight indeed

"To make our faith more pure and strong
In high humanity,"

and realize the truth of Lowell's words—

"All that has been majestical
In life and death since time began,
Is native to the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man."

the deep heart of man, whose fall is still an an angel's fall from divinest possibilities of good to lowest depths of evil. And if that heroic struggle, with all the most pitiless forces of nature, ended in but seven out of the five-and-twenty surviving their awful hardships, let us remember that the brave men who laid down their lives did not die in vain. In George Eliot's fine words:

"The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero. Say we fail;
We feed the high tradition of the world,
And leave our spirit in our country's breast."

The Greeley Expedition was organized and sent out by the Government of the United States in the year 1881 for pushing still farther north our knowledge of Polar geography, and for carrying out meteorological and other scientific observations. The base of operations of the exploring party was to be as far north as Lady Franklin Bay, from whence, as soon as the Arctic winter was passed, they were to push on as far north as they could attain, and be relieved at the end of the summer. Lieutenant, now Major, Greeley was chosen to command the expedition, a comparatively young man, still under forty, and leaving a wife and little children behind him. His bonny face looks out at one from the frontispiece with frank, kind eyes, irresistibly suggesting a brave, tender-hearted man. And nobly indeed did he fulfil his post of commander, with all the splendid self-giving of the true leader of men, first in danger and privation, and last in taking relief and rest, bearing proudly the motto of every heir-apparent to rightful rule over men, *Ich dien*, "I serve." Five-and-twenty stalwart young men volunteered to serve under him.

Their first winter was spent comfortably enough in a somewhat spacious house which they built for themselves at Fort Conger, with its double walls of stone and blocks of snow making it fairly draught proof, and affording even a bath-room, that luxury of our race which, more than any other, holds fast to that epitome of all true religion, "Wash and be clean."

As soon as the long four months' night was passed, and even those stern solitudes had burst here and there into verdure, gay with the golden sea poppy and purple saxifrage, one of the exploring parties had the satisfaction of attaining the farthest north that has ever been reached by the foot of man, planting the Starry Banner far in advance of the Union Jack.

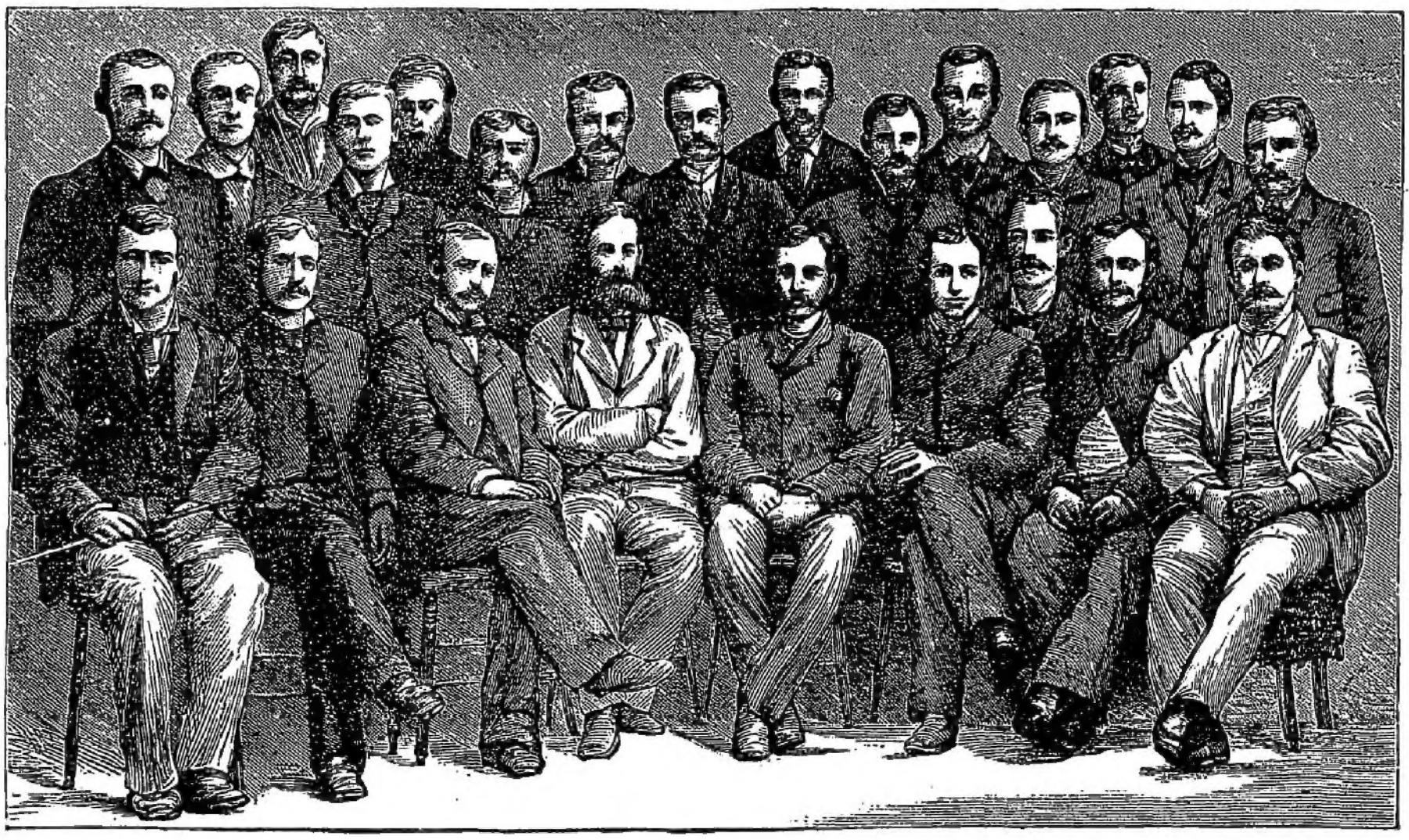
To their no small disappointment the summer passed, but no relief expedition appeared. It was detained till too late by the timidity of the captain, who feared to encounter the strong north-westerly gales which were the very condition for securing the opening of the closely-packed ice, and so getting a navigable sea. Another winter had therefore to be passed in these extreme latitudes; but as there was no shortness of provisions, no particular anxiety was felt as to the ultimate prospects of the expedition. The long weary darkness of the Polar night was again passed through; but no signs of rescue appearing, with the opening summer the situation began to assume a very grave aspect. It was clear that the provisions would not hold out much longer; and, concluding that the relief expedition had failed to force its way through the ice-blocked sea and were detained farther south, they resolved, as had been originally agreed upon, if no rescue reached them, to try and make their way to the neighborhood of Littleton Island, as the appointed rendezvous.

So they broke up their quarters at Fort Conger and started, August 8th, on their perilous journey south in their little steam launch, taking their three boats in tow laden with all that remained of their provisions. But the huge drifting islands of ice came crushing and grinding down on them, compelling them over and over again to haul up their poor little craft on the moving mass lest she should be cracked like a nut between the vast opposing forces of tidal ice. But at length the ice closed remorselessly upon them and barred all further progress by open sea. There was nothing for it but to abandon the steam launch and one of the boats and endeavor to make for the shore, tugging the two remaining boats with their stores over the rough ice hummocks, as they are called, where the ice is torn and piled up in great broken heaps by storms and tides. "And so," writes Major Greeley, "that last Sunday afternoon on the frozen sea we offered words of praise to the Almighty, and with renewed faith in the divine Providence, with no repining over past sufferings, but with a determination to do our best and utmost on the morrow, we sought what rest we could in our comfortless sleeping bags."

One of the greatest difficulties they had to contend with in their march across the frozen sea teaches us the use of shadows probably quite as much in the moral as the physical world. The decline of the long polar day which they had now reached (September 14) is accompanied by weeks of twilight before the sun finally disappears. "The absence of sufficient light to cast a shadow has had very unfortunate results, as several of the men have been badly bruised and sprained. When no shadow is formed and the light is feeble and blurred, there is the same uncertainty about one's walk as if the deepest darkness prevailed. The most careful observation fails to advise you as to whether the next step is to lie on a level, up an incline, or over a precipice. A few bad falls quite demoralize a man and make him more than ever doubtful of his senses." Travelling by this uncertain light night and day, now all but touching the shore after a hard day's tug, then drifted out to sea on the shifting ice miles away, now having the ice split beneath their feet, giving them only just time to scramble up on the ice floe which was crushing and grinding down upon them with the momentum of a slab of ice two or three miles in size, and some fifty feet thick, scrambling with their boats and sledges across the loose ice between, which for the moment was held together by the enormous pressure; after narrowly escaping being drifted out into Baffin's Bay, and having had to abandon all but one boat, after hair-breadth escapes and exhausting toil, they at last succeeded in reaching the shore about three miles from Cape Sabine at Erskine Point, and twenty-five from Littleton Island, on September 29, having travelled four hundred miles by boat, and more than a hundred miles by sledge and boat together, in fifty-one days of incessant hardship, exposure and danger.

A party at once started to Capes Sabine and Isabella in search of the relief vessel, which they fondly believed was waiting for them unable to get farther north. Alas! instead of the longed-for vessel they found a small "cache," recently constructed, containing a scanty store of provisions, and the intelligence that the relieving vessel, the "Proteus," had been nipped by the ice and gone down, her commander and crew escaping safely in the boats, carrying off the main part of the provisions. The same document informed them that the U.S. steamer, the "Yantic," was on her way to Littleton Island with orders not to enter the ice. "A Swedish steamer," wrote the commander of the "Proteus," will endeavor to reach Cape York during this month. I will endeavor to communicate with these vessels and everything within the power of man will be done to rescue the brave men at Fort Conger from their perilous position." Trusting to these assurances Major Greeley resolved to stay where they were and await the rescue.

(To be Continued.)



GROUP OF THE GREELEY EXPEDITION.

THE DOOR WAS SHUT.

It was an elegant wedding. The ceremony was to be in the church, which was profusely and tastefully adorned. Great preparations had been made for the event. Invitations had been sent out to the numerous friends and acquaintances; and as the parties were well known and were general favorites in the community, all were anxious to be present on the joyous occasion. The hour appointed for the ceremony was eleven o'clock, and long before that time the house was filled with throngs of friends and invited guests. And soon the wedding party came in, walking up the aisle with deliberate and measured step, while the organ sounded forth the appropriate tones of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" to herald their coming.

Just as the party reached the altar the clock struck eleven. And then, according to previous directions, and to prevent interruption or noise during the ceremony, the doors of the church were closed. But scarcely were the keys turned in the locks, when up came a carriage bearing a party of several who were specially anxious to witness the ceremony, for which they had made great preparation. But they were too late! The doors were shut! And there was no entrance for them! Regret that they had not come earlier, intentions to have been there in season, desires and pleadings to be admitted—all were in vain. It was too late! The doors were shut!

As I came back from the church my thoughts went back through the centuries to the Mount of Olives, and I seemed to hear afresh from the Saviour's lips the parable of the virgins, five of whom were wise, while the other five were foolish; the former being ready, and going into the wedding, while to the latter, who came too late the door was shut! And the solemn admonition sounded down again through the stillness of ages, "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh."—*American Messenger.*

THE GREELEY EXPEDITION.

(Ellice Hopkins, in Sunday Magazine.)

(Continued.)

But, alas! in that world of stern realities polite assurances can find no foothold on its slopes of eternal ice. The commander of the wrecked "Proteus" did not adhere to the preconcerted meeting places. Infinitely precious time was lost in the relieving vessels and boats missing one another. And by the time the blunder was remedied it was too late, the frozen sea was closed in for the winter. The Lady Franklin Bay Expedition was abandoned to its fate.

Abandoned to their fate, and what a fate! Well might the stoutest heart quail before it. Five-and-twenty men left to encounter on barren crags the hardships and horrors of an Arctic winter, without food, shelter, or clothing, with neither fire, light, nor warmth, with a night before them 744 hours long, and a temperature of freezing mercury; to face undauntedly intense cold and bitter frost, disaster and slow starvation, insanity and death!

Yet their splendid pluck never failed them. Still with the hope that they would be relieved, their first step was to set to work, half starved as they already were, to build themselves a hut. Its walls were only three and a half feet high, as there was but little available rock to build with. But they managed to build in their boat into the roof, so that just in the centre they could stand upright. Here all the cooking was done, a chimney being made of tomato cans, stuffed up with rags when not in use; and here in bad weather the men could stand up and walk a few steps by turn. The rest of the hovel was occupied by the sleeping bags in which they lay all day, and which if they left them for a few hours were always frozen as hard as iron, and had to be melted by the warmth of their own half-starved bodies. Though a third of their number survived till June 22nd, even by October 26th their hunger was so ravenous that when some dog biscuits were turned out of the stores thoroughly rotten and covered with slimy green mould, the famished men sprang upon them like wild animals and devoured them greedily. "What will it be," was Major Greeley's melancholy reflection, "when the provisions are still farther diminished, if the men are like this already?" On October 26th, the sun left them for a hundred and ten days, and through the long hours of darkness their only light was a bit of rag dipped in a little oil or alcohol. "One bit of flame, affording about as much light as a poor tallow candle, suffices for the whole hut. The steam and smoke which are produced in cooking are so dense that but few of the party are able even to sit up in their bags while cooking is going on, and only on favorable occasions can a man see the face of his neighbor touching him. In the midst of these dense clouds of smoke and steam, without any additional light, the cooks are obliged to divide the stews, tea, and other food. I do not believe that either cook has intentionally shown partiality to any member of the mess, or retained an extra quantity for himself. The ravenous, irritable condition in which the entire party are at present cannot but have the effect of making most men morbid and suspicious. Sergeant Gardiner lately said to me that he objected very decidedly to passing Rice's ration to him if it could be avoided. He declared that he realized the fairness of the cooks, but that in allowing a cup of tea or a plate of stew to pass through his hands, he could not prevent himself from mentally weighing the food as it passed, by comparing it to the portion which came to himself. Such a comparison he knew was small and petty, but his starving condition must explain and excuse it. I readily understood his feelings, as I myself have avoided handing another man's portion for similar reasons."

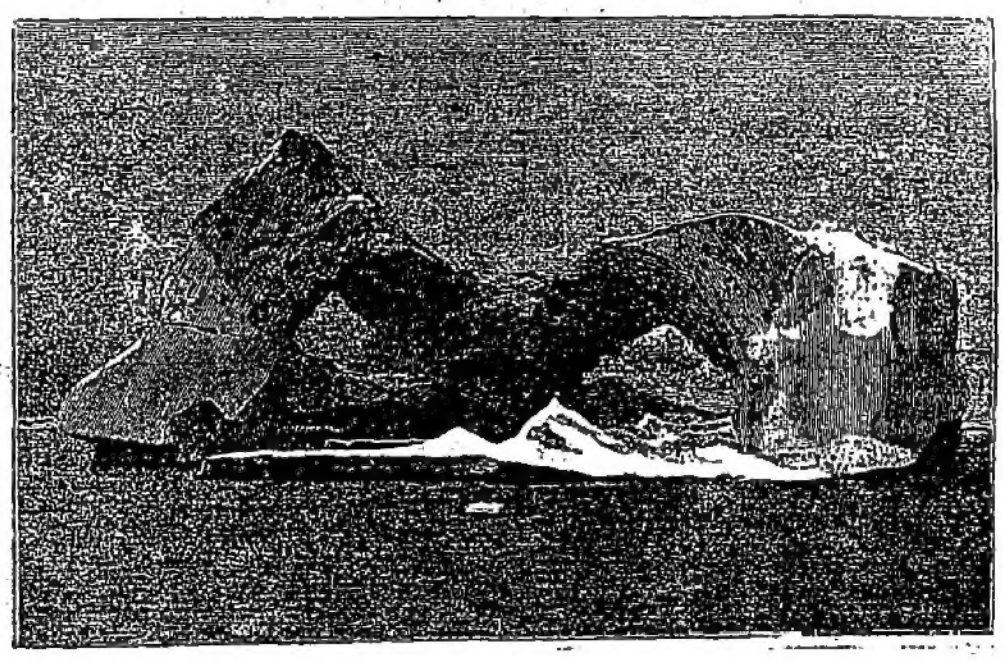
Many grudged the expenditure of oil or alcohol for the lamp. But Major Greeley knew but too well that their sorest danger lay from depression and madness; and besides having the indomitable resolution to give a course of lectures on the resources and characteristics of each of the States in the Union, he instituted evening readings from the Bible, the Army Regulations, and a chapter from "Pickwick," the wretched Eskimo lamp being held close to the reader's face, and many a cheery laugh ringing out from the thick darkness in which the rest of the audience was enshrouded. Little did Dickens realize that his kindly and genial humor would serve so desperate a turn.

As game became more and more scarce, and their rations had steadily to be diminished, their situation became so desperate that Long, one of the two hunters, and Rice, a young photographer who had joined the party, volunteered to risk their lives, and go on an expedition to see if they could recover the hundred and fifty pounds of meat taken from an English "cache," which they had had to abandon in an earlier expedition to save the life of a comrade who was frost-bitten in both hands and feet. With the utmost reluctance their commander consented to so perilous an undertaking, and the two heroic men set forth with the broken blessings and prayers of all.

They succeeded in tracing the right direction and getting on their former track; and when they got within some distance of the hasty "cache" which they had made they left the sledge with their provisions and sleeping-bags behind them, and made a forced march to the spot. Alas! not a trace of the provisions could be found. It is supposed that the ice floe on which they were left must have got detached from the shore and drifted out to sea. But already the intense cold, the fatigue, and the disappointment were beginning to tell fatally on poor Rice. In vain his companion warned him of his danger, and besought him to resist the fatal drowsy numbness which was fast gaining upon him. No; he was only a little tired, and if he would only let him rest a little he would be all right. At last the failing limbs gave way, and he sank on the snow. His devoted comrade slipped off his own sealskin jacket, to wrap it around his dying friend, in the vain effort to get a little warmth into him, and knelt in the driving snow-storm in his shirt-sleeves by his side, holding him in his arms till he died. God is love; and it must have been the divine power of the love in his heart that kept him alive as he knelt, half naked, in the snow to minister to his dying comrade. How that solitary man, left alone with God and death, unnerved by the loss of the comrade he loved, in Arctic cold and darkness, and in the midst of a driving snow-storm, fought his way back to the sledge and the sleeping-bags, which alone made a moment's repose possible, God only knows. But more marvellous still, as soon as he had taken a little food and rest, he went a forced march of twelve miles there and back, reverently and decently to compose the poor dead limbs, and cover them with a canopy of eternal snow, so that the body of his beloved comrade might not fall a prey to wild beasts. Far easier would it have been, he confesses, to have lain down then and there by his side, and slept the sleep that knows neither cold nor famine, and where never "wind blows loudly." But he knew that this meant a rescue party to those whom he had left behind, and who would probably share poor Rice's fate. So now hauling the sledge, and now lying down for a little rest, but instantly starting up when he felt the drowsy numbness gaining upon him, and stumbling on a little farther, he at length reached Camp Clay, with his sad, heroic tale of frustrated labor and life laid down in vain. But when the sledge was unladen, it was found that he had endured it all on his own scanty rations, and had refused to touch his dead comrade's share, but had brought it back untasted to the starving men he left behind. Well might Major Greeley exclaim at such deeds as these and others, "For ever after I will think better of human nature."

The hunters becoming more and more unsuccessful in their search after game, they hit on the expedient of baiting a net for shrimps, and latterly they lived almost entirely on them and reindeer-moss, *tripe de roche*, which they trailed their poor frozen limbs round the bitter ice-crags to gather for one another.

From the first there had always been the hope that when the light returned the Strait might be sufficiently frozen over to enable them, even exhausted as they were, to cross Smith Sound to Littleton Island, a distance of only twenty-five miles, where they would have found plenty of sea-fowl, and have been saved. But night and day the heavy grind and dull roar of the ice-pack sounded like a knell in their ears, telling them of the open sea, with its driving ice masses, in which no boat could live, and which would only insure their being drifted out into Baffin's Bay, from which fate once before they had so narrowly escaped. "It is surprising," writes Major Greeley, "with what calmness we view death, which, strongly as we may hope, now seems inevitable. There is little fear of these men failing in the dire extremity, for the manly fortitude and strength of the many compel respect and imitation from the few. I have instanced as a fine example of the spirit with which men should meet death, the English troopship, when the men, drawn up at parade-rest, went to the bottom of the sea without a murmur, while the women and children filled the boats. One supreme effort is easier far than this long drawn out agony, when, too, it is easier to think of death than to dare to live.



ICEBERG, SMITH SOUND.

The story of the troopship appealed strongly to us as soldiers. The "Birkenhead" was often alluded to by us." These Americans, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, with one blood of heroes in our veins, were strengthened by our English heroism to die like true men, as their heroism will strengthen us to live truer to our manhood.

And now one by one those brave men began to succumb to slow starvation. Strange to say, Death alone in that pitiless, hard, white world of death seemed to relent and show them some pity, coming to them gently,

"And wrapped them formless in his fold,
And dulled the murmur on their lip,"

More like a mother hushing off her tired child to sleep. They became quite unconscious of their danger and gently delirious, babbling much about their dear ones, the wife or the mother they were never to see on earth again, about happy home meals, and green fields and summer warmth.

"Ah, not in sorrow, not in storm and strife,
Died those brave hearts; for the great Comforter
That walks with men, a silent minister,
Moved back the shadow of the dial face,
Back to the morning hours of sinless grace.
Babbling of old home fields and childish play,
And long forgotten things, they passed away;
Not through the crumbling portals of decay,
But through the morning gate of childhood passed.
To that still land where all find rest at last."

And as each was laid in a cleft of the ice, over the white upturned face in the white grave Major Greeley read our solemn English burial service, and the hard frozen stillness broke into the majestic words of hope: "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

(To be Continued.)

ODDITIES FROM JAPAN.

The following extracts were made from a paper which was composed, compiled, written and read by Japanese girls in a mission school in Yokohama. The paper was entirely in English:

DIFFICULTY OF THE PATH OF KNOWLEDGE.

Dedicated to the Graduates.

Through the long dreary months and days,
Amid the blast, amid the rain,
They must pursue the stormy ways,
Who would the wealth of knowledge gain.

As none Time's rapid flight may tell,
Let us not pause, but mount still higher
With spirits strong, attempered well,
As iron in the fiuer's fire.

The little leaves at first appear,
But tiny points of lovely green,
Those messengers of goodly cheer,
At last in all their charms are seen.

Thus they who have with toil and care
Sowed learning's seed, saw not at first
The buds spring forth in beauty rare;
Or flowers, and fruits all ripened burst.

But slowly springing here and there
In sunshine, dew and early rains,
To-day we see the harvest fair,
Of all this study and these gains.

For you may life in richness grow,
E'en as the rose of Sharon fair,
Whose petals in their beauty glow,
And sweetly scent the morning air.

And they like you, who would attain
A standard excellent and true,
Must not from earnest toil refrain,
And they will then succeed like you.

MARRIED.

Mr. S. T. Stick, the heir of late K. Bamboo, Esq., was married to Miss Drum, the second daughter of Dr. Round Drum, of Nikko. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. F. Timber in the Temple Gongen, at Nikko. The public hope that Mr. Stick will not strike his bride.

DEATH.

Professor Green Frog, of Ricefield, died last evening of throat disease. He had always been an old croaker. The funeral took place at his residence. His remains were interred in the Ant Hill Cemetery. He being a famous Professor of vocal music, his loss will be deeply felt by the Frog choir and the numerous students.

TO LET.

A large, airy, upper room with furniture belonging to Mr. S. Body's house. Rent low. Apply to M. T. Head No 1.

TELEGRAM.

Konkonprontron Roranto Branbrontran. Tantotroradro dra Canbo Vango Rerororadro.

We publish this telegram just as it is supposed to have come to us from the planet Mars. We regret it is not more intelligible, but hope the audience will make the best of it.—*New York Observer.*

"THEM THAT HONOR ME I WILL HONOR."

Six young men started in the same line of business in a town in America. Five of them had friends who helped them, and they began with a good capital; but they were godless. They stuck hard to their counters during the week, but they used to spend their Sabbaths in rowing or fishing. The sixth was poor, but he feared God, and kept the Sabbath holy. A person who knew them all six well, writes:—

"At this date, the last is the only one who remains and flourishes; the other five went on from Sabbath-breaking to drinking, from drinking to gambling, and from gambling to the grave or the gallows!"—*Herald of Mercy.*

"Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled!
Heavy to get and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mold—
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold."
—*Hood.*

POEM FOR RECITATION.

WHAT THE LECTURER TOLD THE BOYS.

Kit and I (he's Christopher, but it's pretty hard to speak)
Had been talking about the lecture, the better part of a week.
I was fourteen last Wednesday, and Kit is twelve and a half—
We're getting to be big fellows; folks call us "twins" for chaff.

One of the famous lecturers was to lecture in our town hall—
Our father used to know him, when both of them were small.
We are the minister's boys, you know, and live in the house on the hill;
The rest of us is mother, and Susie, and little Will.

Father went to the station, to bring the lecturer home,
And mother had supper ready, waiting for him to come—
He was what Sue calls "splendid!" talked lots to Kit and to me,
And took up little Willie, and held him on his knee

And while he was eating supper said a good many funny things,
And joked with mother and Susie—it seemed as if time had wings—
But O, that grand, grand lecture was the best we ever heard!
Folks hold their breaths to listen, for fear they should lose a word.

They cried, and they applauded, and then they laughed outright—
Kit and I decided to lecture before we went home that night.
He was going back in the morning, on the early morning train,
And father let us sit up that night, said "it wouldn't happen again."

One of us sat each side of him, as near as we could to his chair,
And then Kit noticed, and so did I, a scar near the edge of his hair.
He saw us looking, and then he said, "My boys, you see that scar,
It isn't a wound of honor, but something different far.

"I am going to tell you about it. I got it on a day
When I was young as you are, and that isn't so far away.
You think it easy to move a crowd as breezes sweep the sea,
It may be easy for some men, it never has been for me.

"I was the timidest, awkwardest youth that ever fished in a pool,
Or ever on Wednesday afternoons ran away from school—
That was the day we 'spoke pieces,' but that I never did,
I stayed at school and was punished, or ran away and hid.

"But I honored the boys who did it, in particular the one who told
'How well Horatius kept the bridge, in the brave days of old!'
I admired the high heroic style, I longed to do the same,
And watched the others with beating heart, and cheeks that were all aflame.

"I had an elder sister then, such an one, my boys, have you—
Good, and sweet, and pretty"—and then he smiled at Sue—
"She said I could learn a simple piece, learn it, and speak it well;
I didn't want anything simple, I wanted a piece that would tell.

"And so I chose for my first attempt: 'The Seminole's Reply,'
You'll find it in some old reader—tells how Indians defy—
And Kate she taught it to me, taught me to speak each line—
'Twas for the exhibition; I practised what hours were mine.

"I practised when I went after the cows, when I went to gather eggs,
And frightened the hens and roosters off of their yellow legs.
Up in the garret chamber, back the old rafters gave:
'I ne'er will ask you quarter, and I ne'er will be your slave!'

"The day of exhibition came, as all such days will come,
The schoolroom was packed and crowded—all of them went from home—
And I sat there and trembled, from my shining boots to my crown,
And wished that the floor might open and quietly let me down.

"At length I mounted the platform, but how, I never know,
I knew they had called upon me, and somehow I must get through.
I made my bow, I know I did, I raised my head to speak,
Then the people swam around me, I felt my knees grow weak—

"'Blaze! with your serried columns!' 'twas to sound like a clarion's call,
I opened my mouth, and formed the words, but I didn't blaze at all.
My throat was parched and swollen, there was ringing in my ears,
There was blackness all around me, I forgot my awful fears.

"I reeled, and then plunged headlong down from my lofty place,
And next I was out in the dooryard with water on my face,
And Kate was bending over me, fanning, to give me air,
And mother was gently bathing that wound near the edge of my hair.

"And that was how I got the scar; but boys, I didn't give in,
I resolved as old Demosthenes, sooner or later to win.
I resolved to be an orator, then and there, that day,
And so I never faltered, though to me 'twas a thorny way.

"But, let me tell you one thing, here: whatever you aim to do
You'll be pretty sure to do it, if you will to carry it through."
And then the lecturer said: "My boys, it is late and we must part."
But father said: "Robert and Christopher, take that lesson to heart."

—*Emily Baker Smalle, in Pansy.*

ALICE'S MARMALADE.

The warm, pleasant sunshine of the June day made even the prosaic street of the city poetic, and charmed out-of-doors the most persistent stay-at-home.

Alice Eaton was busily at work in the back basement, singing gayly. Nothing in her suggested the heroine, but she was one of the highest type, as you will say when you hear her story. Her first recollections of a home were of a lovely stone house standing in a park and all that goes to make life charming. No change came to her until her eighteenth year. She scarcely knew there was such a thing as money, or that lives were limited and burdened for want of it.

In one week a complete change: her father was ruined by the dishonesty of trusted employees; *her home was given up*, and a few weeks found the family, consisting of the father, mother, two brothers, and a sister younger than Alice, settled in a cottage in a small village miles away from their former home. The family were dependent on a small income derived from the remnant of the mother's fortune. In a short time another change was made to a less desirable location in a city where the boys would find employment and Alice might be able to get small pupils. The boys were successful, but Alice found the market overstocked with young girls anxious to teach small children. She became almost discouraged with the struggle.

Her mother, never very strong, gave evidence of breaking down under the strain imposed upon her by the limited means of the family and the effect of their misfortune on her husband's mind. He saw no peace, because he blamed himself for his misfortune, saying over and over to his wife, "Margaret, if I had been trained to my business in life as you were to yours, this would never have come. It was due to ignorance." No love, no argument, could change this feeling, which deepened the cloud that shadowed the home.

Alice had been trained by her mother to a knowledge of all departments of household work. She had rebelled against this, as none of her school friends were required to do any household work. Many times these proposed duties had interfered with her girlish pleasures, and she felt even now that her time might have been better employed.

One day she came in from a call with both cheeks shining, her breath coming and going quickly, and a large brown paper parcel in her hand.

"Why, Alice, what is the matter? What have you got?"

"The key to unlock the gold mine, mamma!"

"What do you mean, child?"

"I went out, you know, to get away from myself and my wicked thoughts. As I passed along the street I decided to call on Nelly White. She was not at home, but Mrs. White insisted on my going upstairs. I found her almost buried under a pile of sewing, and worrying because she was not able to send some delicacy to Mr. Hatfield, who, you know, is quite ill at his boarding-house. Mamma, I thought of my marmalade, and said: 'Mrs. White, I'll make some orange marmalade if you will furnish the materials.' She looked perfectly delighted. And here I am, ready for work."

"It was very kind to offer, Alice, but I fail to see why you are so excited."

"Why, you precious mamma, I mean this to be the first step to my business life! When I take the marmalade to Mrs. White I shall tell her that, if she is suited, I would be very grateful if she would recommend me to her friends. You know I can do all kinds of preserves and pickles, and my canned fruit cannot be beaten, and as for cake it's literally 'angels' food,' and Alice flung both arms around her mother's neck."

"My child, not a cook!"

"Why not, dearest? Surely, mamma, anything is better than this horrible struggle. I am really shabby; Helen will soon be kept from school, unless she can have new shoes; and mamma, I know that you have been forced to stay in for other reasons than because you were tired. I am not blind, mamma, dear," and a tremble crept into the loving voice. As if to hide it, Alice jumped up, and began tossing the oranges from hand to hand.

"You see, mammy," she said, "I shall really make these gold, and by the same magic make apples silver, and you shall ride in your coach."

"My brave, true girlie! Come, dear, I'll help." In a little time the marmalade was ready, and proved to be a great success. Mrs. White was delighted at Alice's success, though greatly surprised at her request that she should recommend her to her friends as one capable of making all kinds of preserves, jellies, pickles, canned fruits, and cake.

The first orders came in on note-paper, and her patrons tried to ignore the fact of having had money transactions with her when they met her. But Alice had too much honest pride to allow this attitude, and surprised her friends by the cool, dignified way in which she referred to her business. In a little while she gave her friends her business cards, on which was a list of her prices, with the request that they circulate them and recommend her work.

Orders began to come in, and she realized a little of the success of which she had been dreaming. It still requires close economy to live within the income of the family from all sources. Alice knows that her success depends on doing her work in the very best manner, and at fair prices. She does not allow the generosity of her friends to assert itself by paying her more than her work is worth. By this method she keeps their respect as well as her own. Her home duties are such that she could not give all her time to any outside work. This that she has undertaken gives time and opportunity to be all that her home duties demand. Is it easy? No. Many times she stands flushed and tired over the stove when her heart cries out for fresh air and sunshine. But one look at the changed faces of her father and mother, and the consciousness of how much she has lightened their burdens, reconciles her to the petty trial her work demands in comparison with its compensations.—*Christian Union.*

THE PRINCIPLE of local option is not only sound in theory, it is effective and satisfactory in application. As a movement it is sweeping Canada with a storm of success; and in the South it has rid hundreds of counties and towns of the hateful business. There is scarcely a state in all that section that cannot point to free communities, and, if the movement goes on as it has begun, in a few years the South will be liberated, and the North still in slavery. Local option is just as good for Northern counties as for Southern, and we are glad to know that it is proposed to introduce it in New Jersey. A bill has been carefully drawn on the basis of the Georgia Act, the Scott Act of Canada, the New York Bill, which Governor Dix vetoed, and other similar acts. It is in the hands of a competent committee of earnest men, who will be supported by the temperance sentiment of the state as expressed in various organizations. The legislature which has had various excuses to offer in the past, not the least of which was that temperance men are divided and don't know what they want, will be brought face to face with the question this time. It will not find it wise either to ignore or to refuse.—*New York Independent.*

Question Corner.—No. 21.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

ACROSTIC.

1, Called of God while yet a child,
His life by passion undefiled.
2, A king who chose the evil way,
And led the people far astray.
3, The land where dwelt the patient one,
Left without daughter, goods, or son.
4, She taught her grandchild at her knee,
And made him wise in piety.
My whole, a God-deserted man,
Who, reckless, to his ruin ran.

BIBLE SCENE.

A political prisoner, in charge of a garrison of troops, is visited by a messenger bringing a piece of information to him, who has him sent to the commander of the post, and he, after a brief interview with him, dismisses him, with a charge to keep his own counsel in regard to his errand. The officer in command sends a detachment of his army away on some special errand, with an important personage in their company, to an official in a distant city, who reads the communication they bring him, and makes an appointment, to be kept when other parties interested are ready.

Where is it recorded?

1. Who said "Show a miracle for you"?
2. Who put a stone book into a box and placed the box in a tent.
3. Who built cities in the mountains of Judah and castles and towers in the forests.
4. Who said "My sons be not now negligent for the Lord hath chosen you to stand before him and that ye should minister unto him and burn incense."

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 20.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

2 Sam. 19. 31-40.
1 Kings 2. 7.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Jonah 3. 9.
2. Rev. 2. 24.
3. Obadiah 4.
4. Sam. 4. 17.
5. Psa. 141. 7.

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